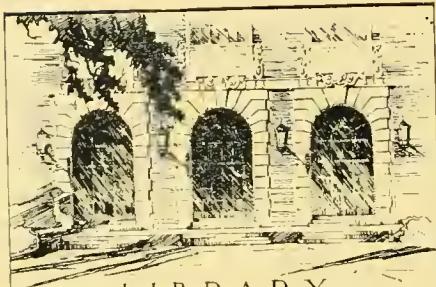


# **COX and BOX**

*By*  
**Arthur Sullivan**

**Oliver Ditson Company**

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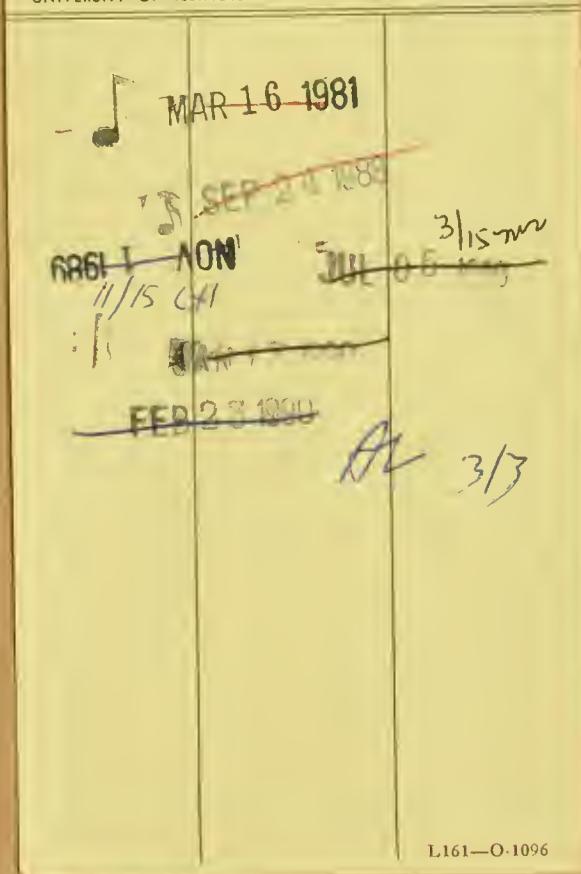
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# **COX AND BOX**

OR

## **THE LONG LOST BROTHERS**

A COMIC OPERA  
IN ONE ACT

THE BOOK BY  
**F. C. BURNAND**

THE MUSIC BY  
**ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN**

.75

**OLIVER DITSON COMPANY**  
THEODORE PRESSER CO., DISTRIBUTORS  
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MADE IN U. S. A.



BROUDE BROS.  
Music  
NEW YORK

BROUDE BROS.  
Music  
NEW YORK



# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

JAMES JOHN COX,.....A Journeyman Hatter. | JOHN JAMES BOX,.....A Journeyman Printer.

SERGEANT BOUNCER, Late of the Dampshire Yeomanry, with Military Reminiscences.

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# COX AND BOX:

OR,  
THE LONG-LOST BROTHERS.

JAMES JOHN COX—A Journeyman Hatter. JOHN JAMES BOX—A Journeyman Printer. SERJEANT BOUNCE—Late of the Dampshire Yeomanry.

S. C. BURNAND.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

No. 1.

## OVERTURE.

*Allegro molto.*

Coda and Box.-2.

The sheet music consists of six staves of musical notation for piano, arranged in two columns of three staves each. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first staff (treble clef) has dynamic markings *f*, *ff*, and *ff*. The second staff (bass clef) has dynamic markings *ff* and *ff*. The third staff (bass clef) has a dynamic marking *sf*. The fourth staff (treble clef) has a dynamic marking *sf*. The fifth staff (bass clef) has dynamic markings *sf* and *sf*. The sixth staff (bass clef) has a dynamic marking *Pesante.*. The music includes various note heads, stems, and rests, with some notes having diagonal strokes through them. Measures are separated by vertical bar lines. The first staff ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The second staff ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The third staff ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The fourth staff ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The fifth staff ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The sixth staff ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

**SCENE.**—A Room, decently furnished; at C. a bed, with curtains closed; at L. C. a door; at 3 E. L. a door; at 2 E. L. a chest of drawers; at back R. a window; at 3 E. R. a door; at 2 E. R. a fireplace, with mantelpiece; table and chairs, a few common ornaments on chimney piece.

Cox, dressed, with the exception of his coat, is looking at himself in a small looking-glass, which he holds in his hand.

Cox. I've half a mind to register an oath that I'll never have my hair cut again! (his hair is very short!) And I was particularly emphatic in my instructions to the hair-dresser only to cut the ends off. He must have thought I meant the other end! Never mind, I shan't meet anybody to care about so early. Eight o'clock, I declare I haven't a moment to lose. Fate has placed me with the most punctual, particular, and peremptory of hatters, and I must fulfil my destiny. (knock at L. C. D.) Open locks, whoever knocks!

Enter SERJEANT BOUNCER.

BOUNCER. Good morning, Colonel Cox. I hope you slept comfortably, Colonel. Cox. I can't say I did, B. I should feel obliged to you, if you could accommodate

me with a more protuberant bolster, B. The one I've got now seems to me to have about a handful and a half of feathers at each end, and nothing whatever in the middle.

BOUN. Anything to accommodate you, Captain Cox.

Cox. Thank you. Then perhaps you'll be good enough to hold this glass, while I finish my toilet.

BOUN. Certainly, (holding glass before COX, who ties on his cravat.) Why, I do declare, you've had your hair cut!

COX. Cut! It struck me I've had it mowed! It's very kind of you to mention it, but I'm sufficiently conscious of the absurdity of my personal appearance already. I look up as if I'd been cropped for the Militia.

BOUN. The Militia!—I recollect when I was in the Militia.

COX. Ah! now he's off on his hobby.

[Exit.]

BOUN. Yes, we were mounted on chargers. I recollect upon one occasion, being seated firmly in my saddle for eight hours, and I don't recollect being able to sit down again firmly for a considerable period afterwards.

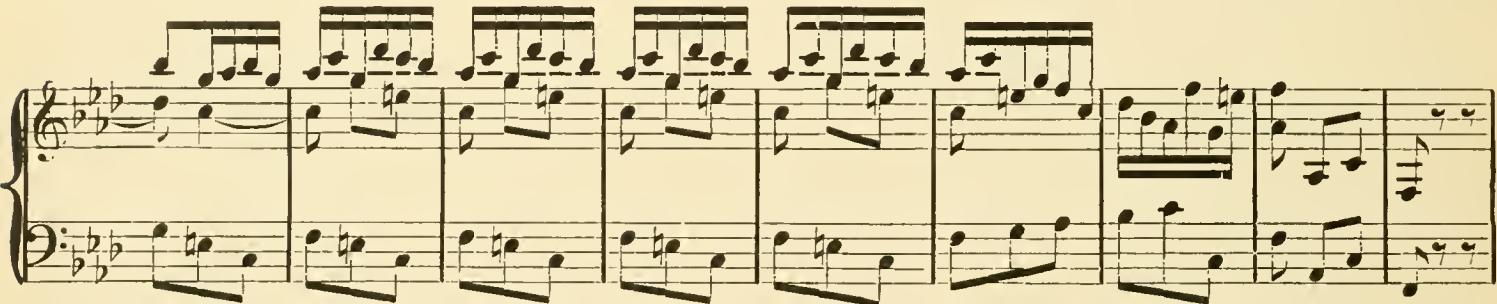
## RATAPLAN.

(BOUNCER'S SONG.)

*Allegretto marziale.*



8va.....



Yes, yes, in those mer - ry days, Yes, Yes, in those brill - iant days, we gather'd our laurels and



rode on our bays, We gather'd our lau-rels and rode on our bays.

I



mounted a horse, in her Ma-jes-ty's force. As one of the yeo-men who'd meet with the foe-men, For  
 then an in - va-sion threaten'd the na-tion. And ev - 'ry  
 man, in the rear, or the van, Found an oc - casion, And ev - - 'ry man, in the rear, or the  
 van, Fonnd an oc - ca - - - sion to sing..... Ra - ta - - plan Ra - ta - plan ! Ra - ta - plan ! Ra - ta -

*cres.**f*

plan! Rata plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, Ra-ta-plan!

plan.

plan....

Ah!

*cres.*

Ra-ta - plan!.....

Ra - ta - plan!.....

*8va.....*

We sound - ed the trum - - pet, we beat) the drum,..... Somehow the en-e-my,

Somehow the en-e-my, somehow the en - e - my did - - n't come,  
*a tempo.*

gave up my horse, In her Ma-jes-ty's force; As there was-n't a foe-man To meet with the yeo-man, And

so no in - va-sion Threaten'd the na-tion, There was-n't a  
*ff*

*p e staccato.*

man, in the rear, or the van, Who found an oc - casion, There was-n't a man in the rear or the  
*p*

*cres.*

Gos and Box. -7.

cres.

*f*

plan! Rataplan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, Ra-ta-plan! plan, plan..... Ah!

*Enter Cox.*

**Cox.** Well this is pleasant. This comes of having one's hair cut. None of my hats will fit me. Never mind, this one appears to me to wobble about rather less than the others (*puts on hat*), and now I'm off! By the by, Bouncer, I wish to know how it is that I frequently find my apartment full of smoke?

**BOUN.** Why—I suppose the chimney—

**Cox.** The chimney doesn't smoke tobacco. I'm speaking of tobacco smoke, now that.

**BOUN.** (confused) Why—I suppose—yes—that must be it—

**Cox.** At present, I am entirely of your opinion—because I haven't the most distant particle of an idea what you mean.

**BOUN.** Why, the gentleman who has got the attics is hardly ever without a pipe in his mouth—and there he sits for hours, and puffs away into the fire-place.

**Cox.** Ah, then you mean to say that this gentleman's smoke, instead of emulating the example of all other sorts of smoke, and going *up* the chimney, thinks proper to affect a singularity by taking the contrary direction.

**BOUN.** Why—

**Cox.** Then I suppose the gentleman you are speaking of, is the same individual that I invariably meet coming up stairs when I'm going down, and going *down* when I'm coming up?

**BOUN.** Why—yes—I—

**Cox.** From the appearance of his outward man, I should unhesitatingly set him down as a gentleman connected with the printing interest.

**BOUN.** Yes, sir, and a very respectable young gentleman *he* is. Good morning, Colonel.

# STAY, BOUNCER, STAY!

DUET. (Cox and Bouncer.)

*Allegro agitato.*

*COX. Recit.*

Stay, Boun-*cer*, stay ! To me it has oc - cur'd, That now's the time with you to have a

*BOUNCER. (aside.)*

word. What can he mean ? I trem - ble, Ah! I trem - ble! Lis - ten! With  
*a tempo.*

*COX. BOUNCER.*

*(aside.)*

pleasure, Yes! I must dis - sem - - - - - ble.

*Cox and Box.—2.*

*Andante f COX.*

That two are two, a - rith-me-tic explains; Take one from two, and on - ly one remains; Take one from

one, and as we have been taught, Remain-der - none, that is remainder—nought, Take one from two, Take one from

one, Take one ..... from one, and as we have been taught, Remainder--none,.... Remainder-

none, that is re - main - der-nought. You fol-low me!

*Allegretto.*

*COX*

*Cox and Box.—10.*

COX.

I think you can. I do.

BOUNCER.

Ra-ta-plan! Ra-ta-plan! Ra-ta-plan, plan, plan, plan, plan!

COX. *a tempo, 10.*

Now,

coals is coals, as sure as eggs is eggs; Coals hav - n't souls, no more than they have legs; But

*cres.*

as you will ad - mit, the case.. is so, Legs or no legs, my coals contrive to go, contrive to

*cres.*

go, contrive to go ! But as ..... you will ad - mit, The case is so, That legs or  
*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

*dim.*

*Recit. BOUNCER.*

no legs, My coals con - trive to go, con - trive.. to go! Well, I should say— or  
*Piu vivo.*

COX.

BOUNCER.

COX.

BOUN. (*going.*)

as it seems to me— Ex - act - ly, Quite so. Then we both a - gree. As we a - gree, good

COX. (*slower.*)

day, I've something more to say.

Vieace.

COX.

'Tis

*p*

*f dim.*

BOUNCER                            COX

Let my coals a - lone— (Ah! why this eru - el tone? But oth - er things as—dear as they to me... . . . Which

p

in that lit - tle clo - set I care - ful - ly de - pos - it, In them a sure and gradual loss I see... Un-

til their case the po - et's words ex - press, "Small by de - grees, And beau - ti ful - ly less,"

BOUNCER

Ah! yes, their case the po - et's words ex - press; "Small by de - grees, and beau - ti - ful - ly less,

COX

Un - til their case the po - et's words ex - press; "Small by de - grees, and beau - ti - ful - ly less,

*Cox and Box.—13*

dim.

Ab! beau-ti - ful- ly, beau-ti - ful- ly, beau-ti - ful- ly less...  
rall.

Small by de - grees and beau-ti - ful- ly less,  
beau-ti - ful- ly less...  
dim. rall. pp

*Allegretto Pesante.*

*f* COX

*f*

And now Sergeant Boun-*cer*, I beg to announce, sir. For ne'er was oc-

A musical score page featuring a soprano vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal part is in common time, B-flat major, with lyrics in parentheses. The piano part is in common time, A-flat major. The vocal line consists of eighth-note patterns, while the piano part features chords and bass notes. The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines.

accel.

candles! tea !! su-gar !!! and wood !!!!.....

cen... do ...

*Candy Box - 1d.*

BOUNCER

*Andante.*

Mister Cox, Mister Cox,

My feel-ings o - - ver - pow - er me, That his lodg - er, His friend-ly lodg - er Should once sus-

*Andante.*

**f** COX **p** BOUNCER (*thoughtfully.*)

pect, That Bouncer is a dodg - - er. As to who takes your coals, wood, and all that, It

**cres.** — — —

**COX** **BOUNCER**

must have been—No! no! 'Twas not the cat!

*Allegro Militario.* Ra - ta-

**fp** **f cresc.** **ff** **ff**

plan, Ra-taplan, I'm a mil-i-tary man, Rough,hon - est, I hope, tho' un - pol - ish'd, And I'll bet yon a hat, That

COX.

as to the cat, The cat in the ar - my's a - bol - ish'd, Ra - ta - plan, Ra-ta-plan, You're a mil-i - ta - ry man,

Hon - est I hope, tho' it doesn't tap-pear, And as to the cat, the treacherous cat, If it is-n't in the ar - my

BOUNCER. *f*

Ra-ta - plan, Ra-ta - plan, Ra-ta - plan, Ra-ta-plan, Ra-ta - plan, plan, plan, Ra-ta -  
don't have it here. Rataplan, Rataplan, Ra-ta - plan, Ra-ta-plan, Ra-ta - plan, plan, plan,

plan, Ra - ta - plan, I'm a mil - i - ta - ry  
Ra - ta - plan, I'm a mil - i - ta - ry

*f*

man, I'm a mil - i - ta - ry man, A mil - i - ta - ry  
Ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta - plan, He's a mil - i - ta - ry man, He's a mil - i - ta - ry man,

*p*

mil - i - ta - ry, mil - i - ta - ry man, Ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta - plan, I'm a mil - i - ta - ry man,  
A re-ry mil - i - ta - ry man, a mil - i - ta - ry man, Ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta - plan, He's a mil - i - ta - ry man,

*cres.*

Hon - est I am, as I hope to appear, And as to the cat, the treacherous cat, It is - n't in the ar - my, and we  
Hon - est I hope, tho' it doesn't ap - pear, And as to the cat, the treacherous cat, It is - n't in the ar - my, and we



BOUN. He's gone at last! I declare I was all in a tremble for fear Mr. Box should come in before Mr. Cox went out. Luckily they've never met yet—and what's more, they're not very likely to do so: for Mr. Box is hard at work at a newspaper office all night, and doesn't come home till the morning, and Mr. Cox is busy making hats all day long, and doesn't come home till night; so that I'm getting double rent for my room, and neither of my lodgers are any the wiser for it. It was a happy thought of mine—that it was! But I haven't an instant to lose. First of all, let me put Mr. Cox's things out of Mr. Box's way. (*He takes the three hats, Cox's dressing gown and slippers, opens door at L. and puts them in, then shuts door and locks it.*) Now then, to put the key where Mr. Cox always finds it. (*Puts the key on the ledge of the door, L.*) Now then, to make the bed—and don't let me forget that what's the head of the bed for Colonel Cox, becomes the foot of the bed for Private Box—people's tastes do differ so. (*Goes behind the curtains of the bed and seems to be making it—then appears with a very thin bolster in his hand.*) The idea of Colonel Cox pre-soming to complain of such a bolster as this! [*He disappears again behind curtains.*]

Box (without). Pooh—pooh! Why don't you keep your own side of the staircase, sir? [*Enters at back dressed as a printer—puts his head out of door again, shouting.*] It was as much your fault as mine, sir? I say, sir—it was as much your fault as mine, sir?

BOUN. (*emerging from behind the curtains of bed.*) Lor, Mr. Box! what is the matter?

Box. Mind your own business, Bouncer!

BOUN. Dear, dear, Mr. Box! what a temper you are in, to be sure! I declare you are quite pale in the face!

Box. What color would you have a man to be, who has been setting up long leaders for a daily paper all night?

BOUN. But then, you've all day to yourself.

Box (*looking significantly at BOUNCER.*). So it seems! Far be it from me, Bouncer, to hurry your movements, but I think it right to acquaint you with my immediate intention of divesting myself of my garments and going to bed.

BOUN. Oh, certainly, Mr. Box! (*going.*)

Box. Stop! Can you inform me who the individual is that I invariably encounter going down stairs when I'm coming up, and coming up stairs when I'm going down?

BOUN. (*Confused.*) Oh—yes—the gentleman in the attic, sir.

Box. Oh! There's nothing particularly remarkable about him, except his hats. I meet him in all sorts of hats—white hats and black hats—hats with broad brims, and hats with narrow brims, hats with naps, and hats without naps—in short, I have

come to the conclusion, that he must be individually and professionally associated with the hating interest.

BOUN. Yes, sir. And they tell me that's why he took the *hattics*! And, by-the-way, Mr. Box, he begged me to request of you, as a particular favor, that you would not smoke quite so much.

Box. Did he? Then you may tell the gentle hatter, with my compliments, that if he objects to the effluvia of tobacco, he had better domesticate himself in some adjoining parish.

BOUN. You surely wouldn't deprive me of a lodger? [pathetically.]

Box. It would come to precisely the same thing, Bouncer, because if I detect the slightest attempt to put my pipe out, I at once give you warning—that I shall give you warning at once.

BOUN. Well, Mr. Box—do you want anything more of me?

Box. On the contrary—I've had quite enough of you!

BOUN. Well, if ever!

Box. But there's one evolution I should much like to see you perform.

BOUN. What's that?

Box. Right about face, quick oarach.

[Exit BOUN., L. C. D., slamming door after him.]

Box. It's quite extraordinary, the trouble I always have to get rid of that venerable warrior. He knows I'm up all night, and yet he seems to set his face against my indulging in a horizontal position by day. Now, let me see—shall I take my nap before I swallow my breakfast, or shall I take my breakfast before I swallow my nap?—I mean shall I swallow my nap before—no—never mind! I've got a rasher of bacon somewhere—(*feeling in his pockets*)—I've the most distinct and vivid recollection of having purchased a rasher of bacon—Oh, here it is—(*produces it, wrapped in paper, and places it on the table*)—and a penny roll. The next thing is to light the fire. Where are my lucifers? (*looking on mantel-piece R. and taking box, opens it*) Now 'pon my life, this is too bad of Bouncer—this is by several degrees too bad! I had a whole box full, three days ago, and there's only one! I'm perfectly aware that he purloins my coals and my candles, and my sugar—but I did think—Oh yes, I did think that my lucifers would be sacred (*lights the fire—then takes down the gridiron, which is hanging over fire-place, R.*) Bouncer has been using my gridiron! The last article of consumption that I cooked upon it was a pork chop, and now it is powerfully impregnated with the odor of red herrings! (*places gridiron on fire and then, with a fork, lays rasher of bacon on the gridiron*) How sleepy I am, to be sure! I'd indulge myself with a nap, if there was anybody here to superintend the turning of my bacon (*yawning again*). Perhaps it will turn itself.

## A LULLABY.

(BOX'S SONG.)

*Andante ma non troppo lento.*

1. Hush'd is the ba - con  
 2. Sleep, gen - tle ba - con,

*mf dolce.*

on the grid, I'll take a nap and close my eye, Soon shall I be nod-ding, nod - ding nid,  
 smoke a - mid, Which, circ-ling up, smile on the fry, While I am nod-ding, nod - ding nid,

*cres. cres.*

nid nodding, nodding, nodding, Sing - ing lul - la - by, Lul - la by,..... Lul - la - by,..... Lul - la,

*f pp*

lul - la, lul - la, lul - la - by, Hush a bye ba - con, on the coal top, Till I a - wa - ken,

*rall.*

*p mp*

There you will stop, Hush-a-bye ba-con, on the coal top, Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by, Lul-la-

by ..... Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by .....

1st Time. D.S. | 2d Time.

(Enter Cox, dancing with delight, L. c. Delight is depicted on his expressive countenance ; he dances joyously while singing.)

## “MY MASTER IS PUNCTUAL.”

(SONG AND DANCE.)

*S. Allegro non troppo. COX*

1. My mas-ter is punc-tu-al al-ways in bu-si-ness, Un-punc-tu-al-i-ty  
 2. My a-ged em-ploy-er, with his phy-si-og-no-my Shin-ing from far like a  
 3. Vi-sions of Bright-on and back, and of Rosh-er-ville, Cheap fare ex-cur-sions al-

*p ad lib.*

N. B. The first and two other bars marked “ad lib.” are to be played during the dance until Cox begins to sing.  
*Box and Cox. -21.*

e - ven slight is in his Eyes such a crime that on showing my phiz in his Shop, I tho't there'd be the  
 star in as -tron - o - my. Said, "Mis - ter Cox, you'll o - blige me and hon - or me, If you will take this as  
 read - y the squash I feel, Fear - ing the rain, put on my Mack in - tosh I vill, Now for my break - fast, my

1st & 2d time.

dev - il to pay,  
 your hol - i - day,  
 light de - jeu - nay,

Shop, I thought there'd be the  
 If you will take this as  
 Now for my break - fast, my

dev - il to pay. (*dances with renewed delight.*)  
 your hol - i - day. (*dances with increased delight and satisfaction.*)

*sf*

D. S. | 3d time.

D. S. light de - jeu - nay.

Cox. I bought a mutton chop, so I shan't want any dinner. (*Puts chop on table.*) Good gracious! I've forgot the bread. Hallo! what's this? a roll, I declare. Come, that's lucky! Now then to light the fire. Hollon—*seeing the lucifer box on table*—who presumes to touch my box of lucifers? Why it's empty! I left one in it—I'll take my oath I did! Heyday! Why the fire is lighted! Where's the gridiron? *On the fire* I declare. And what's that on it? Bacon? Bacon it is! Well, now, you my life, there is a quiet coolness about Bouncer's proceedings that's almost amusing. He takes my last lucifer—my coals—and my gridiron, to cook his breakfast by! No, no—I can't stand this! Come out of that! (*pokes fork into bacon, and puts it on a plate on the table, then places his chop on the gridiron, which he puts on the fire.*) Now then for my breakfast things. (*Taking key hung up 1., opens door 1., and goes out slamming the door after him, with a loud noise.*)

*(sudden noise after name, with a loud noise.)*  
Box (suddenly showing his head from behind curtains). Come in! if it's you, Bonneer—von needn't be afraid. I wonder how long I've been asleep! (*Suddenly recollecting.*) Goodness gracious!—my bacon (*leaps off bed and runs to the fireplace.*) Halloa, what's this? A chop? Whose chop? Bonneer's, I'll be bound. He thought

to cook his breakfast while I was asleep—with my coals, too—and my gridiron. Ha, ha! But where's my bacon? (*Seeing it on table.*) Here it is! Well, 'pon my life, Bonner's going it! And shall I curb my indignation? Shall I falter in my vengeance? No! (*digs the fork into the chop, opens window, and throws chop out—shuts window again.*) So much for Bonner's breakfast, and now for my own! (*with fork he puts the bacon on the gridiron again.*) I may as well lay my breakfast things. (*Goes to mantel-piece at R., takes key out of one of the ornaments, opens door at R. and exits, slamming door after him.*)

Cox (putting his head in quickly at L. D.) Come in—come in (Opens door and enters with a small tray, on which are tea things, &c., which he places on drawers, L., and suddenly recollects.) Oh! goodness! my chop! (running to fire-place.) Holla—what's this! The bacon again! Oh, pooh? Zounds—confound it—dash it—damn it—I can't stand this! (pokes fork into bacon, opens window, and flings it out, shuts window again and returns to drawers for tea things, and encounters Box coming from his cupboard with his tea things—they come down C. of stage together.)

# WHO ARE YOU, SIR?

(T R I O.)

*Allegro moderato.*

Cox.

Box.

Cox.

Box.

Box.

(aside.)

hatter! Yes, 'tis the hat - - - ter.

Yes, 'tis the prin - - - ter.

*ff*

*lunga pausa.*

*Allegro furioso.*

Cox (with suppressed fury.)

Prin - ter, prin - ter, take a hint - ter, Leave the room or

*ff*

else shall I, Vain - ly strug - gle with the fire, ... with the rag - ing fierce de - sire, ...

To do you an in - ju - ry, an in - - - - - ju - ry,

*cres.*

*f*

Box (with suppressed fury.)

Hat - ter, hat - ter, cease your clat - ter, Leave the room or else shall I,

*dim.*

*p*

Vain - ly strug - gle with the fire .... With the ra - ging fierce de - sire .... To do you an

f  
in - Ju - ry, an in - - - - Ju - ry, Hat-ter, hatter, cease your clatter,  
Prin - ter, prin - ter, take a hin - ter,

Hatter, hatter, cease your clatter, go. Hatter, hatter, cease your clatter, Hatter, hatter, cease your clatter, Hatter, hatter, hatter,  
Prin - ter, prin - ter, take a hin - ter, go. Printer, printer, take a hinter; Printer, printer, take a hinter; Printer, printer, printer,  
*f*

hatter, hatter, cease your clatter, go. Hatter, hatter, cease your clatter, Hatter, hatter, cease your clatter, Hatter, hatter, hatter, hatter, cease your clatter,  
printer, printer, take a hin - ter. go. Printer, printer, take a hin - ter, Printer, printer, take a hin - ter, Printer, printer, printer, printer, printer, take a hin - ter,

go. Hatter, hatter, cease your clatter, clatter, cease your clat - ter, ga

go. Printer, printer, take a hintter, hintter, take a hint-ter, go.

*meno mosso.*

**Cox.**

Your room ! If on that you're bent,

**Box.**

Here is my receipt for rent. Your re -

cep - tis ve - ry fine. If you come to that, sir.

If you come to that, sir— Here is mine. Murther! He can set - tie the bat - ter, turn out the man!  
 Cox. *ff*  
 Thieves! Bouncer! He can set - tie the prin - ter, turn out the man!

Musical score for 'Enter BOUNCER.' featuring three staves of music. The top staff uses treble clef and includes lyrics: 'Boun - cer!', 'Boun - cer!', 'Ra - ta - plan,' repeated four times, and 'Rat-a - plan.' The middle staff uses treble clef and has lyrics: 'Boun - cer!' and 'Boun-cer!'. The bottom staff uses bass clef and features dynamic markings 'ff' and 'f'.

A musical score for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major, 2/4 time. The vocal parts are arranged in two staves, with the Alto and Bass parts on the bottom staff. The lyrics "Ra-ta-plan" are repeated multiple times across the four staves. The music features eighth-note patterns and some rests.



plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, Ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta - plan, plan, plan, plan, Ra-ta-plan, Ra - ta -

plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, Ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta - plan, plan, plan, plan, Ra-ta-plan, Ra - ta -

plan, Ra - ta - plan! Ra - ta - plan, Ra-ta - plan,..... Ra - ta - plan,..... Ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta -

plan, Ra - ta - plan, Ra-ta - plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, Ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta -

plan, Ra - ta - plan, Ra-ta - plan,..... Ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta -

plan, Ra - ta - plan, Ra-ta - plan,..... Ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta -

1st time. 2d time.

plan, Ra - ta - plan, Ra-ta - (Box. "What do you mean by singing Rataplan, Sir !") plan..... (Cox. "What do you mean by singing Rataplan, Sir !")

plan, Ra - ta - plan, Ra-ta - (Box. "I mean nothing, Sir." Cox. "So do I, Sir.") ) plan.....

(Box. "Very well, Sir." Cox. "Very well, Sir.") )

attaca. pp ff

**Box.** Instantly remove that bather!  
**Cox.** Immediately turn out that printer!  
**Box.** Well—bnt, gentlemen—  
**Cox.** Explain!  
**Box.** Explain! (pulling him around.) Whose room is this?  
**Cox.** Yes—whose room is this?  
**Box.** Doesn't it belong to me?  
**Box.** No!  
**Cox.** There! You here, sir—it belongs to me!  
**Box.** No—it belongs to both of you!  
**Cox.** Both of us!  
**Box.** Oh, yes! gentz, don't be angry—but you see, this gentleman—(pointing to Box)—only being at home in the day time, and that gentleman—(pointing to Cox)—at night, I thought I might venture, until my little back second floor room was ready—  
**Cox.** { (eagerly). When will your little back second floor room be ready?—  
**Box.** Why, to-morrow—  
**Cox.** I'll take it!  
**Box.** So will I!  
**Box.** Excuse me—but if you both take it, you may just as well stop where you are.  
**Both.** True.  
**Cox.** I spoke first, sir—  
**Box.** With all my heart, sir. The little back second floor room is yours, sir—now go—  
**Cox.** Go! Pooch—pooch—!  
**Box.** Now don't quarrel, gentlemen. You see, there used to be a partition here—  
**Both.** Then put it up!  
**Box.** Nay, I'll see if I can't get the other room ready this very day. Now, gentlemen and officers, don't fight, but keep your tempers. (Exit L. C. D.)  
**Cox.** What a disgusting position! (walking rapidly round the stage.) Will you allow me to observe, if you have not had any exercise to-day, you'd better go out and take it?

**Cox.** I shall not do anything of the sort, sir. (seating himself at the table opposite Box)  
**Box.** Very well, sir.  
**Cox.** Very well, sir? However don't let me prevent you from going out.  
**Box.** Don't flatter yourself, sir. (Cox is about to break a piece of the roll off.) Halloa! that's my roll, sir.—(snatches it away—puts a pipe in his mouth, and lights it with a piece of tinder—puffs smoke across the table towards Cox.)  
**Cox.** Halloa? What are you about, sir?  
**Box.** What am I about? I'm about to smoke.  
**Cox.** Wheugh! (goes to the window at Box's back, and flings it open.) Halloa! (turning round) Put down that window, sir!  
**Box.** Then put your pipe out, sir!  
**Cox.** There! (puts pipe on the table.)  
**Box.** There! (slam down window and re-seats himself.)  
**Cox.** I shall retire to my pillow. (gets up, takes off his jacket, then goes towards bed and sits upon it L. C.)  
**Cox.** (jumps up goes to bed and sits down on R. of Box.) I beg your pardon, sir—I cannot allow any one to rumple my bed. (both rising.)  
**Box.** Your bed! Hark ye, sir, can you fight?  
**Cox.** No, sir.  
**Box.** No? Then come on—  
**Cox.** Sit down, sir—or I'll instantly vociferate "Police!" (sparring at Cox.)  
**Box.** (seats himself—Box does the same) I say, sir—  
**Cox.** Well, sir?  
**Box.** Although we are doomed to occupy the same room for a few hours longer, I don't see any necessity for our cutting each other's throat, sir.  
**Cox.** Not at all. It's an operation that I should decidedly object to.  
**Box.** And, after all, I've no violent animosity against you, sir.  
**Cox.** Nor have I any rooted antipathy to you, sir.  
**Box.** Besides, it was all Bounger's fault, sir.  
**Cox.** Entirely, sir.  
**Box.** Very well, sir!  
**Cox.** Very well, sir!  
**Box.** Take a bit of roll, sir?  
**Cox.** Thank ye, sir.  
**Box.** Do you sing, sir?  
**Cox.** I sometimes dabble in a serenade.  
**Box.** Then dabble away. (gradually approaching chair.)

## THE BUTTERCUP.

(DUET SERENADE.)

*Allegretto con espressione.*

*B:*

low - ly mead, The dai - sy is bright to see;  
min-ar - et fair, The Dah - lia waves in the breeze,  
But bright - er far are the eyes that read  
The cock-cha-fer sighs in the mid - night air,  
The tho'l's in the heart of  
The Dick-y bird sings in the

cres.

me..... I come by night, I come by day, I come in the morn to sing my lay; I know my notes, I  
trees; .... I come by night, I come by day, I nev - er, ah nev - er can slay a - way; If you the gui - tar can

dim.

A musical score page from 'The Cox' by G. J. Stainer. The top staff shows a vocal part with lyrics: 'count.... each bar, And I've learnt a tame .... on the gay... gui- ter, Fid-dle - id- dle - dum, Fid-dle - id-dle-um, Fid-dle - id - dle-' followed by 'sweet - ly do, I play on the con - - - cer - ti - na too,' with 'Box.' markings above the end of the line. The bottom staff features three instrumental parts: 'colla voce.' (vocal parts), 'a tempo.' (tempo markings), and 'Cox.' (the instrument playing the bass line). The music is in common time, with various clefs and key signatures.

cres.

come by day, I come in the morn to sing my lay; I know my notes, I  
 dum, Fiddle-idle-un, Fiddle-idle - dum, Fid-dle-id-dle-un, Fid-dle-id-dle- dum, Fid-dle-id-dle-un, Fid-dle-id-dle - dum. Fid-dle-id-dle-dum, Fid-dle-id-dle -

cres.

1st time.

D.S. 2d Time. 8va. loco.

[Cox plays on the gridiron like a guitar. Box takes an opera hat and imitates the concertina.]

**Box.** Have you read thi month's Bradshaw, sir?  
**Cox.** No, sir—my wife wouldn't let me.

**Box.** Your wife! **Cox.** That is—my intended wife.

**Box.** Well, that's the same thing! I congratulate you. [shaking hands]  
**Cox.** (with a deep sigh.) Thank ye (seeing Box about to get up.) You needn't distract yourself, sir, she won't come here.

**Box.** Oh! I understand. You've got a snug little establishment of your own here—on the sly—cunning dog—(nodding Cox.)

**Cox.** (drawing himself up) No such thing, sir—I repeat, sir, no such thing, sir: but my wife—I mean my intended wife happens to be the proprietor of a considerable number of bathing machines—

**Box.** (suddenly.) Ha! Where! [grasping Cox's arm.]  
**Cox.** At a favorite watering place How curious you are!

**Box.** Not at all. Well?  
**Cox.** Consequently, in the bathing season—which luckily is rather a long one—we see but little of each other; but as that is now over, I am daily indulging in the expectation of being blessed with the sight of my beloved (very seriously.) Are you married?

**Box.** Me? Why—not exactly!  
**Cox.** Ah—a happy bachelor?  
**Cox.** On a—widower?  
**Box.** Why—not precisely!  
**Cox.** No—not absolutely!

**Cox.** You'll excuse me, sir—but, at present, I don't exactly understand how you can help being one of the three.

**Box.** Not help it? **Cox.** No, sir—not you, nor any other man alive!

**Box.** Ah, that may be—but I'm not alive!

**Cox.** (pushing back his chair.) You'll excuse me, sir—but I don't like joking upon such subjects.

**Box.** But I am perfectly serious, sir, I've been defunct for the last three years!

**Cox.** (shouting.) Will you be quiet, sir?

**Box.** If you won't believe me, I'll refer you to a very large, numerous, and respectable circle of disconsolate friends.

**Cox.** My very dear sir—my very dear sir—if there does exist any ingenious contrivance whereby a man on the eve of committing matrimony can leave this world, and yet stop in it, I shouldn't be sorry to know it!

**Box.** Oh! then I presume I'm not to set you down as being frantically attached to your intended.

**Cox.** Why not exactly: and yet, at present, I'm only aware of one obstacle to my doating upon her, and that is, that I can't abide her.

**Box.** Then there's nothing more easy. Do as I did.

**Cox.** (eagerly.) I will! What is it? **Box.** Drown yourself!

**Cox.** (shouting again.) Will you be quiet, sir? **Box.** Listen—

# “THREE YEARS AGO.”

(ROMANCE.)

*Allegretto commodo.*

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The top staff is for the voice of 'Box', starting with a rest followed by a melodic line. The second staff is for the voice of 'Cox', featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The third staff is for the piano, providing harmonic support. The fourth staff continues the piano part. The fifth staff is for 'Box' again, with lyrics about fate and kiss'd. The sixth staff is for 'Cox', continuing the narrative. The piano part resumes in the seventh staff. The eighth staff is for 'Box', concluding with a short line. The ninth staff is for 'Cox', ending with a final line. The piano part concludes in the tenth staff.

Not long a - go it

COX

was my fate to cap - ti - vate a wi - dow At Rams-gate; I, 'tis odd to state, The same at Margate

BOX

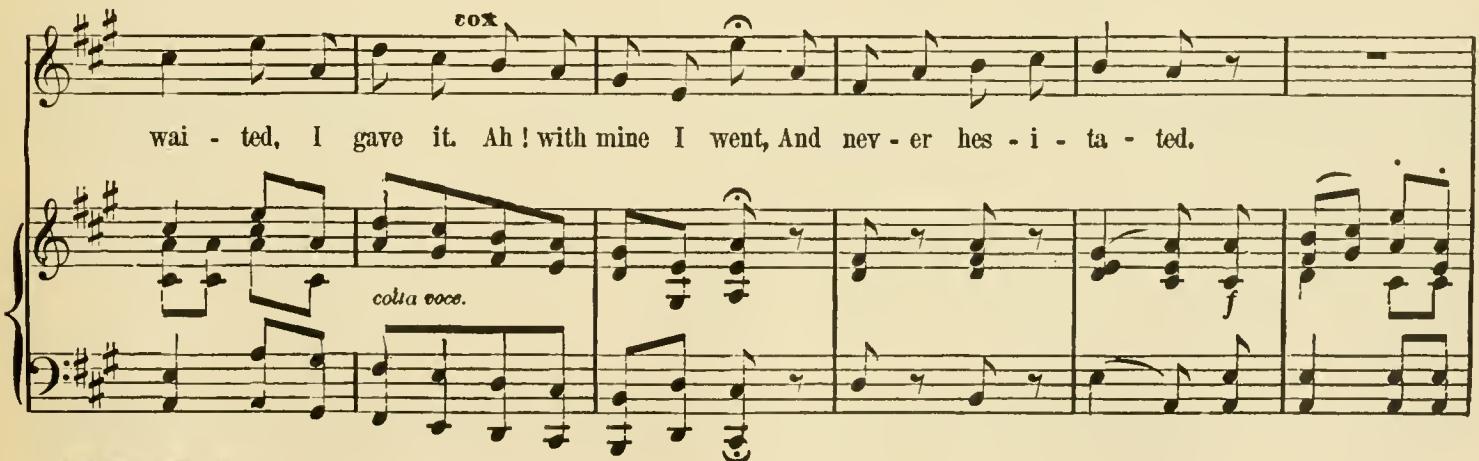
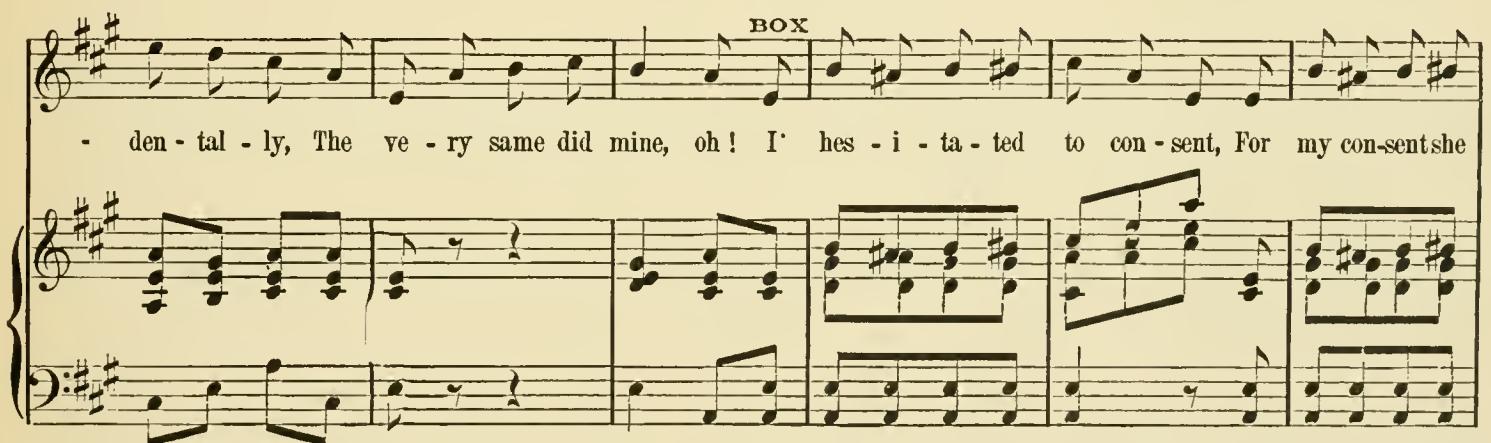
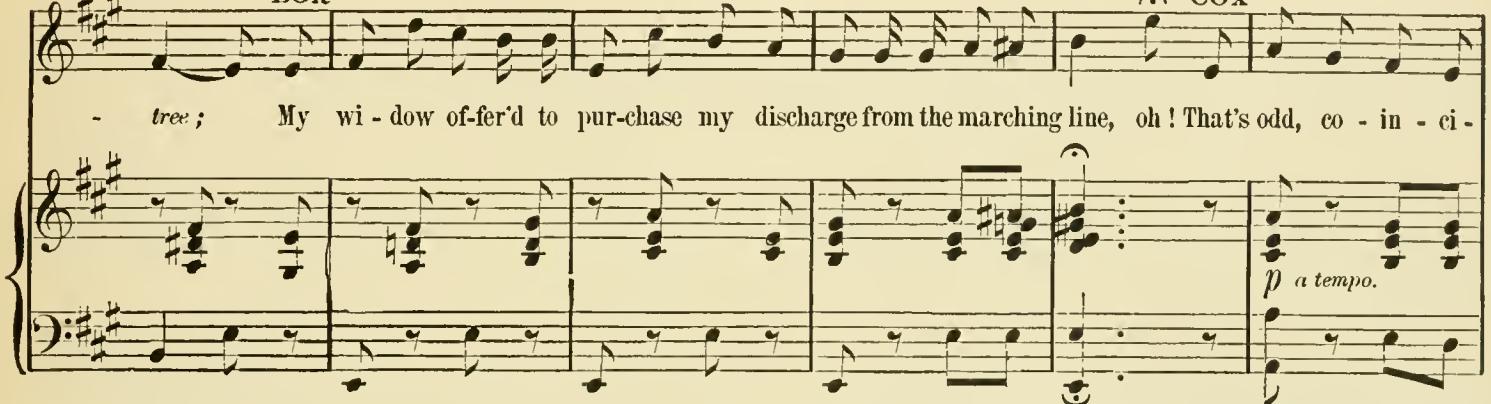
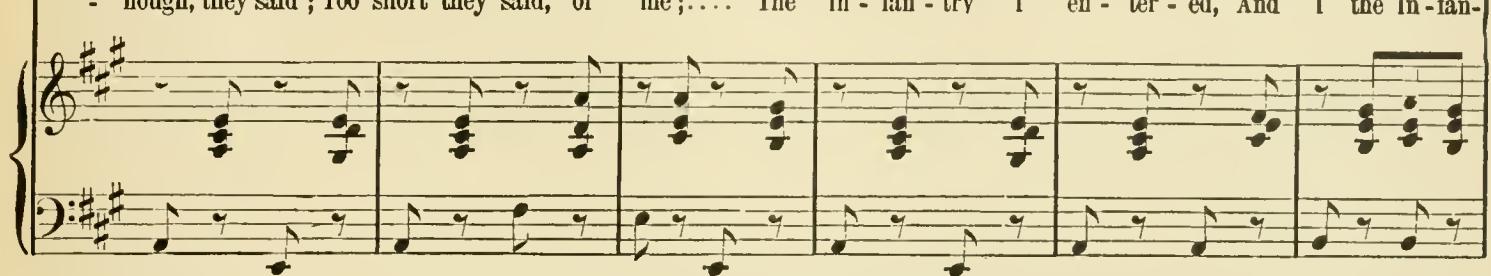
did, oh! By her not lik - ing to be kiss'd I thought I'd bet - ter try to In the Life Guards or

*p a tempo.*

BOX

Blues en - list; How odd! and so did I too. I was not tall e -

p



C BOX

The hap - py day came near at length, We hop'd it would be sun - ny, I

found I need - ed all my strength To face the cer - e - mo - ny, I sud - den - ly found out I was un -

Presto.

- wor - thy to pos - sess her, I told her so at once be - cause I fear'd it might dis - tress her. Be -

- fore the words were out of my mouth, There came from the North and flew to the South, A

some-thing that came un - pleas - ant - ly near, Clat-ter-ing, spat-ter-ing, bat-ter-ing, Shat-ter-ing, Dash-ing, clashing,

*ff*

smash -ing, flash - ing, slash - ing, crash - ing, miss - ing, but whiz-zing right past my ear.

*sf*

It shat-ter'd it - self on the man- tel piece whop !

*sf*      *sf*      *sf*      *sf*      *f*

**COX      BOX**

*Allegro molto.*

What was it? Ah! trem-ble! the ba - sin call'd Slop. It fell at my feet, it

*p*

**Cox and Box.—37.**

would have put the back of a man who was ev - er so meek up, So

*sf*

be - ing thus bait - ed, I re - tal - i - a - ted, And hurl'd at my wi - dow a

*sf*

*COX Recit.*

crock - e - ry tea - cup. Between you, then, there was a frac-tion, And I was threaten'd with a

*sf*

*f*

*COX*

tion, 0 ciel ! pro-ceed. One morn. when I had fin-ish'd my ab - lu - tion, I took - a

*p*

*COX*

*One and Box.-38.*

**BOX** *Andante*

walk? No, sir, a re - so - lu - tion. Friends or foes, None sup-pose, No bo - dy

knows what I does, I tie up my clothes, My shirt and my hose, My socks for my toes, My

li - nen for nose, I think of my woes, And un - der the rose I pack up my bun-dle, and

off I goes. Cox. (Spoken.) Ha! I see you left in a tiff! Lis - ten, I so-lemn-ly walk'd to the cliff, And

*Ped.*

*Un poco piu vivo.*

sing - ing a sort of a dul - - cet dirge, Fut down my bun - - dle up-

on the verge, Heard the wild sea-gull's mourn - ful cry, Look'd all a - round, there was  
*bass*

no - bod - y nigh, None but I on the cliff so high, And all save the sea was bare and dry, And I  
*bass*

*appassionata.*

took one look on the wave be - low, And I rais'd my hands in an ag - o - ny thro'e, And I  
*bass*

stood on the edge of the rock so steep, And I gaz'd like a maniac on the deep ... I cried: "Fare -

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* f \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.*

*Andante.*

well, fare-well to earth, Fare-well, fare-well to the land of my birth, Fare-well, fare-well, to my

*Flute.*

*pp*

on - ly love, To the sea be - low, And the sky a - bove!" With a glance at the sea of wild des -

*dim.*

*Ped.*

*f*

pair, I cried, "I come;" my bundle lay there, At the edge, where the coastguard's way was

*f* p

*Box and Box.-41.*

*Allegro tempo primo.*

cox

chalk'd, 'Then a - way..... In the op - po-site way I walk'd, What a

clev - er man, What a cap - i - tal plan, I've lis - tened with at - ten - tion, I think that I should

cox

What a clev - er man, What a cap - i - tal plan, I've

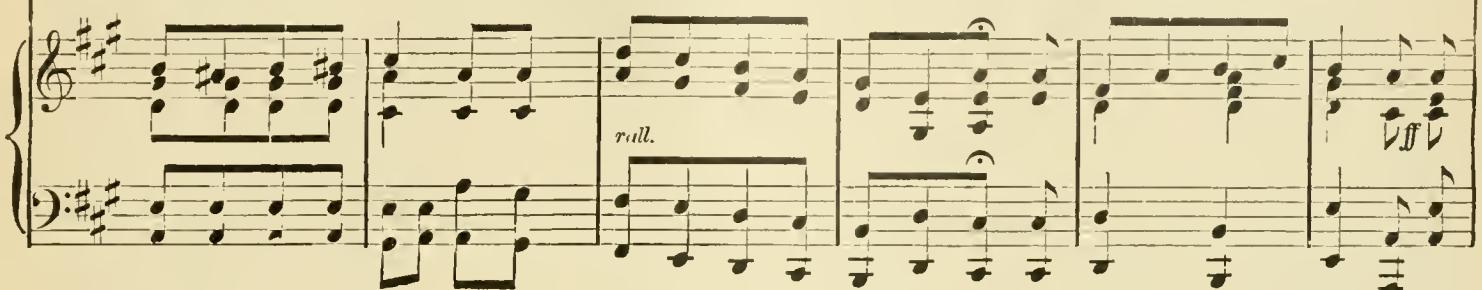
like to try Your won - der - ful in - ven - tion. What a clev - er man, What a cap - i - tal plan, You've



listened with at - ten - tion, If you like it, why Shou.d you not try My won - der - ful in - ven - tion.



listened with at - ten - tion, I think that I Should like to try Your won - der - ful in - ven - tion.



**Cox** Dear me! I think I begin to have some slight perception of your meaning. **ingenious creature!** you disappeared—the suit of clothes was found—

**Box** Exactly—and in one of the pockets of the coat, or the waistcoat, or the pantaloons—I forgot which—there was also found a piece of paper, with these affecting farewell words:—"This is thy work, oh, Penelope Ann!"

**Cox** Penelope Ann! (starts up, takes Cox by the arm and leads him slowly to front of stage) Penelope Ann!

**Box** Penelope Ann!

**Cox** Originally widow of William Wiggins!

**Box** Widow of William Wiggins!

**Cox** Proprietor of bathing machines?

**Box** Proprietor of bathing machines!

**Cox** At Margate?

**Box** And Ramsgate.

**Cox** It must be she! And you, sir—you are Box—the lamented, long lost Box!

**Box** I am!

**Cox** And I was about to marry the interesting creature you so cruelly deceived.

**Box** Ab! then you are Cox!

**Cox** I am!

**Box** I heard of it. I congratulate you—I give you joy! and now, I think I'll go and take a stroll.

**Cox** No you don't. (stopping him) I'll not lose sight of you till I've restored you to the arms of your intended.

**Box** My intended? You mean your intended.

**Cox** No, sir—yours!

**Box** How can she be my intended, now that I am drowned?

**Cox** You're no such thing, sir! I prefer presenting you to Penelope Ann. Permit me, then, to follow the generous impulse of my nature—I give her up to you.

**Box** Benevolent being! I wouldn't rob you for the world (going). Good morning, sir!

**Cox** (seizing him) Stop!

**Box** Unhand me, hatter! or I shall cast off the lamb and assume the lion!

**Cox** Pooch!

**Box** An insult! to my very face—under my very nose! (rubbing it) You know the consequences, sir,—instant satisfaction, sir!

**Cox** With all my heart, sir! (they go to fireplace R. and begin ringing bell rapidly, and pull down bell pulls.)

**Both.** Bonner! Bonner!

**Box** runs in. D. L. C. all three sing RATAPLAN, and stop in the middle.

**Box** What is it, gentlemen?

**Box** Pistols for two!

**Cox** Yes, sir.

**Box** Stop! You don't mean to say, thoughtless and misguided militiaman, that you keep loaded fire-arms in the house.

**Box** Oh, no—they're not loaded.

**Box** Then produce the murderous weapons instantly. [exit BOUNCER, L. C.

**Box** I say, sir!

**Cox** Well, sir.

**Box** What's your opinion of duelling, sir?

**Cox** I think it's a barbarous practice, sir.

**Box** So do I, sir. To be sure, I don't so much object to it when the pistols are not loaded.

**Cox** No: I daresay that does make some difference.

**Box** And yet, sir—on the other hand—doesn't it strike you as rather a waste of time, for two people to keep firing pistols at one another with nothing in 'em.

**Cox** No, sir—no more than any other harmless recreation.

**Box** Hark ye! Why do you object to marry Penelope Ann?

**Cox** Because, as I've already observed, I can't abide her. You'll be happy with her.

**Box** Happy I me! with the consciousness that I have deprived you of such a treasure? No, no, Cox!

**Cox** Don't think of me, Box—I shall be sufficiently rewarded by the knowledge of my Box's happiness.

**Box** Don't be absurd, sir.

**Cox** Then don't you be ridiculous, sir.

**Box** I won't have her!

**Cox** No more will I!

**Box** I have it! Suppose we draw lots for the lady—eh, Mr. Cox?

**Cox** That's fair enough, Mr. Box.

**Box** Or, what say you to dice?

**Cox** With all my heart! Dice by all means.

**Box** (aside) That's lucky! Bonner's nephew left a pair here yesterday. He sometimes persuades me to have a throw for a trifle, and as he always throws sixes, I suspect they are good ones. (goes to cupboard at R., and brings out dice box.)

**Cox** (aside) I've no objection at all to dice. I lost one pound seventeen and sixpence, at last Barnes Races, to a very gentlemanly-looking man, who had a most peculiar knack of throwing sixes—I suspected they were loaded, so I gave him another half-crown and he gave me the dice. (takes dice out of his pocket—use lucifer box as substitute for dice-box, which is on the table.)

**Box** Now then, sir!

**Cox** I'm ready, sir! (they seat themselves at opposite sides of the table.) Will you lead off, sir?

**Box** As you please, sir. The lowest throw, of course, wins Penelope Ann!

**Cox** Of course, sir!

**Box** Very well, sir!

**Cox** Very well, sir!

**Box** (rattling dice and throwing.)

# THE GAMBLING DUET.

"SIXES."

*Allegro non troppo.*

Box.  
Six-es.

Cox.  
That's a good throw for you,  
Six-es.

Box.  
That's not a bad one too,  
Six - es,

Cox.  
Six-es.  
Box.  
Six-es.  
Cox.  
Six-es.

dim.  
Box.  
Ve - ry good dice.  
Yours, ..... sir, are nice.  
Sup - pose ..... we ar -

## Cox.

range, (If it suits..... you) to change! Oh! ve - ry well, that I will do, To  
 please.... a gen - tle - man such as..... you.

*p colla voce.*      *rall.*      *p a tempo.*

*sf*      *sf rall.*

## Box.

## Cox.

## Box.

Six-es.

Six-es.

Six-es.

*p*      *p*      *p*

Oh! this is ab-surd, I nev - er have heard of such won - der-ful throws as I've seen with those. Oh!

## Cox.

Oh! this is ab-surd, I nev - er have heard of such won - der-ful throws as I've seen with those. Oh!

Six-es.

Music score for "Sixes" from Cox and Box. The score consists of four staves: Treble, Alto, Bass, and a continuo staff (C, D, E). The vocal parts sing in unison. The continuo part provides harmonic support.

**Text:**

- Line 1: "this is ab-surd, I nev - er have heard of such won - der-ful throws as I've seen with those. Six - es."
- Line 2: "this is ab-surd I nev - er have heard of such won - der-ful throws as I've seen with those. Six - es."
- Line 3: "eres."
- Line 4: "Looks like trick-sies. Six - es."      "Looks like trick-sies; with such a throw there's no - led - y can Ev - er"
- Line 5: "Looks like trick-sies. Six - es."      "Looks like trick-sies with such a throw there's no - bod - y can Ev - er"
- Line 6: "set - tle the case of Pe - ne - lo - pe Ann, With such a throw there's no - bod - y can Ev - er set - tle the case of Pe -"
- Line 7: "set - tle the case of Pe - ne - lo - pe Ann, With such a throw there's no - bod - y can Ev - er set - tle the case of Pe -"
- Line 8: "- ne - lo - pe Ann, of Pe - ne - lo - pe, el - o - pe, ne - lo - pe, el - o - pe Ann."
- Line 9: "- ne - lo - pe Ann, of Pe - ne - lo - pe, el - o - pe, ne - lo - pe, el - o - pe Ann."

**Performance Instructions:**

- Line 3: "eres."
- Line 6: dynamic "p"
- Line 10: dynamic "f"
- Line 11: dynamic "attacca"

Box. It's perfectly absurd your going on throwing sixes in this sort of way.  
 Cox. I shall go on till my luck changes.  
 Cox and Box.—46.

Box. I have fit—suppose we toss for the lady  
 Cox. With all my heart.

BOX (*aside.*)

Where's my luck - y shil - ling?

COX (*aside.*)

Where's my toss - ing six - pence?

Where's my luck - y shil - ling?

Where's my toss - ing six - pence?

Box. Now then, sir—heads win?

Cox. Or tails lose—whichever you prefer

Box. It's the same to me, sir.

Cox. Very well, sir. Heads, I win—tails you lose.

Box. Yes—(*suddenly*) no. Heads win, sir.

Cox. Very well—go on! [They are standing opposite to each other.]

*Dialogue continues.*

A musical score for two voices, Box and Cox, continuing their dialogue. The music is in common time, key signature of G major (two sharps). The vocal parts are written in soprano clef, and the piano accompaniment is in basso clef. The vocal parts are mostly silent, while the piano provides harmonic support. The piano part features eighth-note patterns in the bass line and sixteenth-note patterns in the treble line. The score includes dynamic markings such as *pp* (pianissimo) and *sf* (sforzando).

Continuation of the musical score for Box and Cox. The vocal parts remain mostly silent, while the piano accompaniment continues with eighth-note patterns in the bass line and sixteenth-note patterns in the treble line. The piano part includes dynamic markings *sf* (sforzando) and *p* (piano).

rall.

(Wait here for cue.)  
"Very well, sir"

*a tempo.*

BOX COX BOX COX

Head ! Head ! Head ! Could'nt you say something

BOX COX BOX

else instead ! Head ! Head ! I wish an oc - ea-sion-al

COX BOX

tail you'd try. Head ! Head !

accel. .... le. .... ran. .... do.

cres.

**COX**

**BOX (Recit.)**

Head ! I nail your six-pence ; hallo ! it's got no

tail ! I've a mind to pitch you out on the leads ! Your shil-ling, I find has got two heads !

You swind-ler, you cheat, take care of my feet, Out of my room, sir, And in - to the street.

You swind-ler, you cheat, take care of my feet, Out of my room, sir, And in - to the street.

*Presto.*

Turn me out, try it, That is, if you can. Swind - ler, cheat, vag - a - bond, swind - ler, cheat, You swind - ler! Vag - a - bond!

Turn me out, try it, That is, if you can. Swind - ler, cheat, vag - a - bond, swind - ler, cheat, Cheat! Thi f!

**Cox and Box.—49.**

(Enter BOUNCER, as usual, quite equal to the occasion.)

BOUNCER.

Swindler! Vag-a-bond! Ra-ta-plan! Ra - ta-plan, Ra - ta-plan, Ra - ta - plan.

Box & Cox.

Cheat! Thief! Boun-cer!

*p*

Ra - ta - plan, Ra-ta-plan, Ra-ta - plan, Ra-ta-plan, Ra - ta - plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, Ra - ta -

*p*

Ra - ta - plan, Ra-ta-plan, Ra-ta - plan, Ra-ta-plan, Ra - ta - plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, Ra - ta -

*p*

*Allegro con brio.*

*sf sf tim.*

plan, Ra-ta-plan, Ra - ta - plan, Ra-ta-plan, Ra - ta - plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, Ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta -

plan, Ra-ta-plan, Ra - ta - plan, Ra-ta-plan, Ra - ta - plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, Ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta -

*sempre pp*





Cox. Agreed! There's my hand upon it—  
 Box. And mine—(about to shake hands—a postman's knock heard at the street door.)  
 Cox. Hallo! Postman again!  
 Box. Postman yesterday—postman to-day—  
     Enter BOUNCER, D. L. C.  
 Boun. Another letter, Colonel Cox—two-penny more!  
 Cox. I forgive you again! (taking letter.) Another trifle from Margate. (Opens letter—starts.) Goodness gracious!  
 Box. (snatching letter—starts.) Gracious goodness!  
 Cox. (snatching letter again—reads.) "Happy to inform you, false alarm."  
 Box. (overlooking). "Sudden squall—boat upset—Mrs. Wiggins, your intended"—  
 Cox. "Picked up by steamboat"—  
 Box. "Carried into Boulogne"—  
 Cox. "Returned here this morning"—  
 Box. "Will start by early train to-morrow"—  
 Cox. "And be with you at ten o'clock exact."  
     [Both simultaneously pull out their watches.  
 Box. Cox, I congratulate you—  
 Cox. Box, I give you joy!  
 Box. I'm sorry that most important business at the Colonial office will prevent my witnessing the truly happy meeting between you and your intended. Good morning. {Going.  
 Cox. (stopping him). It's obviously for me to retire. Not for worlds would I disturb the rapturous meeting between you and your intended. Good morning!  
 Box. You'll excuse me, sir—but our last arrangement was that she was your intended.  
 Cox. No, yours!  
 Box. Yours!  
 Together. Yours! [Ten o'clock strikes—noise of an omnibus.  
 Box. Ha! What's that? A cab's drawn up at the door! (Running to window.) No—it's two-penny omnibus!  
 Cox. (leaning over Box's shoulder). A lady's got out—  
 Box. There's no mistaking that majestic person—it's Penelope Ann!  
 Cox. Your intended!  
 Box. Yours!  
 Cox. Yours! [Both run to door, L. C., and eagerly listen.  
 Box. Hark—she's coming up stairs.  
 Cox. Shut the door! [They slam the door, and both lean against it with their backs.  
 Boun. (without, and knocking). Colonel!  
 Cox. (shouting). I've just stepped out!  
 Box. So have I!  
 Boun. (without). Mr. Cox! (pushing at the door—Cox and Box redouble their efforts to keep the door shut.) Open the door! It's only me—Sergeant Bouncer.

Cox. Only you! Then where's the lady?  
 Boun. Gens!  
 Cox. Upon your honor?  
 Box. As a Militiaman?  
 Boun. Yes; and she's left a note for Brigadier Cox.  
 Cox. Give it to me.  
 Boun. Then open the door!  
 Cox. Put it under! (A letter is put under the door, Cox picks up the letter and opens it.) Goodness gracious!  
 Box. (snatching letter). Gracious goodness! (Cox snatches the letter, and runs forward, followed by Box.)  
 Cox. (reading). "Dear Mr. Cox—Pardon my candor"—  
 Box. looking over, and reading). "But being convinced that our feelings, like our ages, do not reciprocate"—  
 Cox. "I hasten to apprise you of my immediate union"—  
 Box. "With Mr. Knox."  
 Cox. Huzza!  
 Box. Three cheers for Knox. Ha, ha, ha! (Tosses the letter in the air, and begins dancing. Cox does the same.)  
 Boun. (putting his head in at door). The little second floor back room is quite ready!  
 Cox. I don't want it.  
 Box. No more do I!  
 Cox. What shall part us?  
 Box. What shall tear us asunder?  
 Cox. Box.  
 Box. Cox. (About to embrace—Box stops, seizes Cox's hand, and looks eagerly in his face.) You'll excuse the apparent insanity of the remark, but the more I gaze on your features, the more I'm convinced that you're my long lost brother.  
 Cox. The very observation I was going to make to you!  
 Box. Ah—tell me—in mercy tell me—have you such a thing as a strawberry mark on your left arm?  
 Cox. No!  
 Box. Then it is he! [They rush into each other's arms.  
 Cox. Of course we stop where we are!  
 Box. Of course.  
 Cox. For, between you and me, I'm rather partial to this house.  
 Box. So am I—I begin to feel quite at home in it.  
 Cox. Everything so clean and comfortable.  
 Box. And I'm sure the master of it, from what I have seen of him, is very anxious to please.  
 Cox. So he is—and I vote, Box, that we stick by him!  
 Box. Agreed!

## “MY HAND UPON IT.”

(FINALE.)

BOX

Moderato.

COX

My hand up - on it, join bnt yours; A - gree the house will hold us, And

BOUNCER

rall.

two good lodg - ers Boun- cer gets, He'll in his arms en - fold us. Oh yes! yes! to arms .....

Cox and Box.—83.

(To BOX.)

(To COX.)

..... And war's a - larms..... You. re - mem - ber of course, You re - mem - ber of

course When I mount - ed a horse In her Ma - jes - ty's force, As one of the yoe - men Who'd

BOX.

cope with the foe - men, For then an in - va - sion Threatened the na - tion, And there's no oc -

*p* (All three together.)

ca - sion to sing ... Ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta -

*cres.*

plan, Ra - ta - plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, For Ra - ta - plan, Pe - ne - lo - pe Ann, Has

*cres.*

married an - oth - er re - spec - ta - ble man, Three cheers for Knox, Who lives at the docks, And

*sf*

*p*

may he live hap - pi - ly if he can, Ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta -

*cres.*

*cres.*

*f*

plan, Ra - ta - plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, For Ra - ta - plan, Pe - ne - lo - pe

*cres.*

*cres.*

*f*

Ann Has married an - oth - er re - spec - ta - b'le man, Three cheers for Knox, Who lives at the

*sf*

docks, And may he live hap - pi - ly if he can, Ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta -

plan, Ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta -

plan,.....

FINE.









PTLP Review:

✓ Brittle

◦ Acid Free





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Q.M782.6S15C19-- C001  
COX AND BOX; OR THE LONG LOST BROTHERS.



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